

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither:  
But every Punie whipster gets my Sword,  
But why should Honor out-lue Honesty?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy Song boad Lady?  
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,  
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough,*  
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,  
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:  
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

*Oth.* I haue another weapon in this Chamber,  
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:  
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

*Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;  
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in vpon me then, and speake with me,  
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Othel.* Behold, I haue a weapon:  
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine  
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue scene the day,  
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,  
I haue made my way through more impediments  
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)  
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.  
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:  
Heere is my Iournies end, heere is my butt  
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.  
Do you go backe dismay'd? 'Tis a lost feare:  
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,  
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?  
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,  
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at comp,  
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,  
And Fiends will snarh at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?  
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!  
Whip me ye Diuels,  
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:  
Blow me about in winde, roast me in Sulphure,  
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfs of Liquid fire.  
Oh *Desdemona*! dead *Desdemona*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,  
with Officers.

*Lod.* Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?

*Oth.* That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.

*Lod.* Where is that Viper?

Bring the Villaine forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,  
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

*Lod.* Wrench his Sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

*Othel.* I am not sorry neither, I'd haue thee liue:  
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

*Lod.* Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,  
False in the practise of a cursed Slaue,  
What shall be saide to thee.

*Oth.* Why any thing:

An honourable Murderer, if you will:

For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confest his Villany:  
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

*Oth.* I.

*Cas.* Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.

*Oth.* I do beleuee it, and I aske your pardon:

Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

*Iag.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.

From this time forth, I neuer will speake words.

*Lod.* What not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir,  
You shall vnderstand what hath befallne,  
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter  
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,  
And heere another, the one of them imports  
The death of *Cassio*, to be vnderooke  
By *Rodorigo*.

*Oth.* O Villaine!

*Cassio.* Most Heathenish, and most grosse.

*Lod.* Now, heere's another discontented paper  
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes  
*Rodorigo* meant 'haue sent this damned villaine:  
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim  
Came in, and satisf'd him.

*Oth.* Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe,  
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe  
That was my wiues?

*Cassio.* I found it in my Chamber:  
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,  
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Othel.* O Foole, foole, foole!

*Cassio.* There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,  
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him  
Braue vpon the Watch: whereon it came  
That I was cast: and euen but now he spake  
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,  
*Iago* set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:  
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,  
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,  
If there be any cunning Crueltie,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,  
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne  
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word on two before you go:  
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:  
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,  
When you shall these vnluckie deede relate,  
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set downe ought in malice.

Then must you speake,  
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:  
Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,  
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand  
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away  
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,  
Albeit vn-vfed to the melting moode,  
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees  
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:  
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,  
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke  
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,  
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,  
And sinoate him, thus.

*Lod.* Oh bloody period.

*Gra.* All that is spoke, is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,  
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

*Dye  
Cassio.*

*Cas.* This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:  
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* Oh Sparton Dogge:

More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:

Looke on the Tragick Loading of this bed:

This is thy worke:

The Obiect poysons Sight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,  
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,  
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Governour,  
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:  
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:  
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,  
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

### The Names of the Actors.

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*Othello*, the Moore.

*Brabantio*, Father to *Desdemona*.

*Cassio*, an Honourable Lieutenant.

*Iago*, a Villaine.

*Rodorigo*, a gull'd Gentleman.

Duke of Venice.

*Senators.*

Montano, Governour of Cyprus.

Gentlemen of Cyprus.

Lodouico, and *Gratiano*, two Noble Venetians.

Sailors.

Clowne.

*Desdemona*, wife to *Othello*.

*Emilia*, wife to *Iago*.

*Bianca*, a Curtezian.

